

# THE LIGUORIAN



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### THIS IS THE LATEST

"Do not know how many read it after I give it to a friend,  
because she gives it to someone else. It is a fine magazine."  
California.

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# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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## I Thirst

The round world trembled in affright—  
And nature quailed before the sight,  
The Master raised upon a Tree  
To die that He might set us free—  
While e'en the sun hath hid his light.

Now darker grew, and darker still  
The lowering shadow on the hill,  
Where 'twixt the quaking earth and sky  
Stood the glorious gibbet high—  
In silence ever deep and chill.

"I thirst—" He cried, in voice of pain,  
Till the wide echoes rang again.  
They gave Him vinegar and gall  
To quench this cruel thirst withal.  
He will not drink, their quest is vain.

Though nature's thirst assailed Thee here,  
Dear Lord, its pangs Thou didst not fear.  
'Twas thirst for souls which forced that cry  
From out Thy bitter agony.  
For souls which Thou didst hold so dear.

And ours were present to Thine eye,  
E'en through the gloom of Calvary.  
Grant us, Dear Lord, Thy thirst to slake—  
Since Thou hast borne it for our sake  
Lord, keep us, hold us, ever nigh.

Forgive us, Lord, oh hear our cry—  
Take pity on our misery.  
We would not still ungrateful be,  
But with true grief return to Thee.  
Oh grant us in Thine arms to die.

*Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.*

## Father Tim Casey ON GIVING SCANDAL

C. D. McENNIRY, C.S.S.R.

The sun was almost setting as Tillie tripped up the rectory steps with a bundle of sodality papers,—and she had promised to have them there early in the morning.

"I know I'm late," she bubbled before Father Casey had time to chide her, "but just wait till you hear my alibi."

"I should far rather have the papers at nine in the morning, as you promised, than a whole flock of perfect alibis at six in the evening."

"But listen, Father. I had a horrid sick headache all day. You know I was at a dance last night."

"If a dance disables you all the following day, then you should curtail the —"

"Oh, no, Father," she hastened to interrupt, "it does not, but after the dance we had a little dinner, and I—we—er—Oh, I might as well say it—one of the boys had a FLASK." Tillie fired this shot, and held her breath to see whether the priest would faint.

Strangely enough he merely asked in a matter-of-fact tone:

"And are you sober now?"

"Why, Father Casey, such a question! You know very well I was sober all the time. J just took a little. The other girls took some, and I did not want to be a piker."

"Because," continued the priest without heeding her words, "if you are not entirely sober, you had better go quietly home. You think you can find the way?"

"Now, Father, please. Don't talk like that."

"You know, Tillie," he persisted, "it would embarrass me to have a visitor drop in and find a drunken woman in the priest's parlor."

Poor Tillie's eye filled with tears of exasperation.

"I'm all right. I was all right all the time. You know it, Father, and you ought not use that—that ugly word."

"Then take the sodality book, and check off these names as I read them from the list." Forthwith he began to recite in a monotone from the type-written sheets.

Tillie, dabbing at her eyes with an ineffectual wisp of a handker-



chief, made no move to open the book but looked at him in bewilderment.

"Are—aren't you going to scold me first?"

"I never waste time scolding where there is no hope of doing good. The less said about this disgusting occurrence, the better. Take your pen, and check off these names."

Mechanically Tillie obeyed. But after five minutes' work, she could stand the strain no longer. Throwing down the pen, she exclaimed:

"Father Casey, you are making out as though I had done something criminal. You shouldn't be narrow-minded."

"I suppose I shouldn't. But, if it is narrow-minded to disapprove of a Child of Mary becoming a hootch hound, well, I prefer to just keep on being narrow-minded."

"It is narrow-minded to condemn a person for taking a drink of liquor. Liquor is not bad in itself; it is one of God's gifts. My own mother fixes up a hot toddy for us when we have a cold or something, and tastes it herself too. Just for that, are you going to put her down as a hopeless reprobate?"

"You mother, Tillie, is one of the finest models of Christian womanhood this poor old world has ever produced, which makes the conduct of her shameless daughter all the more inexcusable."

"If she can take a drink of whiskey at home and still be a perfect Christian woman, I can take a drink of whiskey while I am out with the crowd and still be a good girl. There is no difference between the two cases."

"What did she say about it, when you told her?"

"Why, I haven't mentioned it to her yet."

"And, what is more, you do not intend to mention it to her. You know too well how it would grieve and pain her."

"Mamma is a dear, but she has such old-fashioned notions about some things—and that is one of them."

"Which proves," said the priest, "that there is a difference between taking a hot toddy with your mother and imbibing highballs at a dance party."

"That is just more of the tyranny of conventional sham," cried the girl. "The beverage is the same in both places. There is no solid reason why drinking it in one place should be right and drinking it in another place should be wrong."

"The circumstances are different. And circumstances alter cases. To kill an enemy in lawful warfare is an act of virtue; to kill an enemy in private life is the crime of murder."

"What are the circumstances that make the two cases of drinking so different?"

"Well, for instance, there is the circumstances of scandal. You are a Catholic, a member of the Sodality. Those who saw you drinking,—your companions, the waiters and guests at the hotel, the attendants at the dance hall,—will have less regard for the Church and for that beautiful organization in the Church, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

"It is unreasonable for them to misjudge the Church because I indulge in an innocent pleasure."

"Reasonable or unreasonable, that is the effect it will have on many. If you will not practice this little act of self-restraint to avert harm to immortal souls, you cannot lay claim to loyalty to Our Lord or to His Blessed Mother."

"That is all hypocrisy."

"Not always, Tillie. Sometimes it may be; often it is not. Some of those people are quite honest in their convictions, and you are not justified in lessening their regard for religion, merely to satisfy a passing fancy. As for hypocrisy, you are the one that is guilty of hypocrisy."

"I cannot see that. I think I am simply showing the courage of my convictions."

"Suppose the hotel had been raided last night and this morning's paper had carried your name as one of the guests surprised in unlawful drinking." How would you feel about it?"

"Oh, I should simply die of mortification."

"There you are," cried the priest, "doing something at which you would be ashamed to be caught. Is not that downright hypocrisy? You take the chance of bringing a crushing disgrace upon yourself, upon your devoted mother, upon your parish; yet you ask so sweetly and innocently what harm am I doing?"

"But, Father, nothing like that would ever happen."

"In other words, you will continue doing something disgraceful, because you feel confident you will not be caught. Besides the circumstance of scandal, there is also the circumstance of bad example. You

have seen enough of life to know that drink has ruined many a good man. How do you know but that some of these young men, with whom you were drinking, may have inherited that fatal appetite? Your example, instead of educating them to self control, helps to drag them down. Does that thought make you proud of yourself?"

As the young woman made no attempt to answer, Father Casey continued:

"Another circumstance connected with drinking, while in the company of young men, is this, it lessens your chances of finding a good husband. No man can esteem you unless he sees in you attractive qualities of mind as well as of body. But how can he see in you any excellence of mind if, to your natural silliness, you add the silliness of semi-intoxication? One can understand the undying affection of the old-fashioned lover who wrote: 'My love, my pearl, my bright-eyed girl, my mountain maid, arise.' But it is hard to imagine anything undying about the infatuation of the smitten swain who must address the object of his affections thus: 'My love, my pearl, my half-stewed girl, you blink your bleary eyes.' You think you gain popularity by sharing the illicit flask. Perhaps—popularity of a fashion, but, mark well, no man is going to judge your fitness to reign queen of the home by your dexterity in downing cocktails."

He paused a few moments to allow Tillie to ruminate over the prospect, then continued:

"When your future husband is a white-haired, widowed grandfather, he will sit by the fire on winter evenings dreaming of youth and love. You do not want his reverie to run like this: 'Dear, darling Tillie, though she has been dead these many years, I can see her still—not as a grey-haired woman, but as a bright laughing girl. I can see her, as though it were but yesterday, on the never-to-be-forgotten night, her golden curls ruffled by the soft June breeze, the moonbeams lighting her beautiful face, a whiskey bottle pressed to her rosy lips. I can hear her loud, tipsy laugh and the meaningless words she mumbled when her brain was addled and her tongue was thick. How often in life, amid the fierce struggles with temptation and sin, has that sweet picture come before me, strengthening my will and spurring me on to nobler things!' Or imagine your grandchildren opening a box yellow with age. 'Here is a snapshot of grandma when she was a girl. It was taken after a party. The boy beside her is drunk, but grandma is only half loaded.

One can scarcely notice it. This is the rosary she got for her First Communion; and this is the flask in which she used to carry her hootch."

"Father Casey, you are just trying to make a joke of it."

"My child," returned the priest, grown suddenly grave, "keep this up, and it will prove the most tragic joke that ever came into your life. When you accept a drink from a man, he interprets the action as a tacit admission that your morals are low. Drinking combined with company keeping is fatal to honor and virtue. Company keeping, as it is carried on today, is dangerous enough at best. You must have a clear head and a firm will and unfailing prudence to pass through it unstained. When you take alcohol, even a small amount, your brain is confused, your will is weakened, and your prudence is lessened. When you take alcohol, your escort will take more. With what effect on him? It will break down his restraint, lessen his sense of propriety, respect, honor, chivalry, responsibility, and weaken the baser passions of his nature. My child, continue to take part in these drinking parties, and even those who once admired you most will be forced to suspect that you are no longer a good girl."

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### STAGG ON PARENTS

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A. A. Stagg, veteran football coach, said:

"Youth today is guilty of more violations of morality and honesty than ever before.

"Parents are sidetracking their responsibilities in raising children. The women are falling heir to the men's vices—drinking and smoking—without a thought of what a horrible example they are setting for the young people.

"Parents dote on their children too much. They often even try to fight their little backyard squables for them. In the last analysis, if we are to make men of our boys and real women of our girls, the parents must set an example for them in courage, perseverance, honesty, cooperation and self-mastery."

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The life of Christ spells salvation, not civilization, although civilization follows as a corollary from the teachings of the Master. The life of Christ spells morality, not money; penance not pleasure.

## Called Nevertheless

A PROFESSOR.

From the day that Edward Bangs stepped on Father James' corn while trying to help the latter prepare the vestments for Mass, he seemed to be a particular child of misfortune. No matter how hard Edward would try, and like a good boy he did try, he simply could not get out of an unlucky streak.

Now he was forgetting himself and all his good resolutions and tying a can to Carlo's tail—(Carlo was Father James' pet by the way)—and again he was getting a neighbor's cat to poke her head into a tin can. Then he was managing to throw rocks through window panes, when these same rocks were aimed at a cat in a tree. And shortly after he would be falling off a fence he was trying to hurdle—to the detriment of his trousers and sometimes of the fence. Everything seemed brittle in Edward's hands; everything was apt to break if he only made a motion in its direction.

Poor fellow! He felt it and felt it much. But he just could not make things behave as they did for other boys.

This particular day—the day when he decided to become a priest—he was serenely eating a large pickle and seemed to be enjoying it immensely. Suddenly Carlo darted out of the yard of the Rectory, ran up to where Edward was standing, stopped, turned about and ran with great speed towards the house. Edward started after him. But he stumbled; the pickle fell into the dirt of the empty lot—a school-yard—and Edward forgot himself again. Quickly he rose, spied the rampant Carlo just getting around the corner of the house, and in a moment hurled the dirty pickle at the gamboling dog. But Edward's aim was poorer than usual. The pickle shot through the air—high, swift and wild. A crash; falling glass; a frightened boy; a gamboling dog; an angry appearance on the front porch of the Rectory; all these things were the momentous happenings of but a few seconds of time.

"It was I, Father James," acknowledged Edward with feelings that were too apparent to be gainsaid.

"Edward the Buster, would be a good name for you!" said the priest whose anger had subsided sufficiently to let him be at least half civil to a boy who was trying—and he knew the boy was trying—to be good.

"Father, please, I did not mean to aim so badly as that; but it seems just my bad luck to throw at the wrong time and to throw in the wrong direction. I meant to throw my pickle at Carlo in fun."

"So, throwing at Carlo again? How often have I not told you to stop doing that?"

"Gee whiz! And I forget that too. Blame it all, when will I begin to remember anyway?" And tears welled in the boy's eyes.

"Now see here, Edward. I am not going to make you pay for that window, as I ought. But when you are a priest of God, and I hope you will be some day, don't be hard on unlucky boys."

Edward was most profuse in his apologies; he was prolific in his resolutions; he was sincere in asking the priest to punish him if he broke any of them again.

"No, Edward, I don't want you to be so abject and so down-hearted. I don't like that sort of thing. I want you to be a man; a real man; such a man as a priest ought to be."

"Must I be a priest, Father?" asked the innocent youngster.

"You must not, but you will be. And I am going to see to it that you are a good one."

"Thank you Father. Gee, I'm happy now. I thought one had to be a sort of goody-goody boy to be a priest. But if there is a chance for me—Gosh—Gee. Father, how will I tell mother?"

"I'll tell her for you, Edward. You bring her to the Rectory to-night. Now be off with you before you break the rest of my windows and make it easy for burglars to get in at the prizes for the school-contest."

That night at half after seven Mrs. Bangs and her son appeared at the Rectory. Father James was ready for them and answered the door-bell himself. He eagerly received the mother of one whom he was thinking of sending to the college in the fall. His eagerness was due to the fact that he rather anticipated some difficulty in getting her consent. She was a sensitive mother and did not want the family name "ruined" by the escapades of her youngster. Father James knew all this well; for, she had often made mention to him that her boy would never amount to anything.

"Good evening, Mrs. Bangs; I'm so glad that you came."

"Good evening, Father. I'm rather uneasy on account of your calling for me—and to have Edward come along. He must have been in

some sort of mischief again. He is surely a sore trial for a mother who wants her boy to be a real man—and simply cannot make him that, hard as she tries.”

“Well, as for the mischief—Edward has not been in any that I know of. He did break a window in my home this afternoon; but it was an accident and there are no expenses connected with its repair just for that reason. Edward came to me and acknowledged his deed manfully and that, I consider, one of the best characteristics of any boy. I have called you for far different reasons. I have asked Edward to come along because it concerns him and his future.”

“My! What a relief to be here and not hear some sort of complaint! It is nearly the first time that I have had the happiness of missing some sort of remark about him and his deportment.”

“Well, Mrs. Bangs, Edward cannot forever go on breaking windows, hitting old men in the back with snow-balls; tripping the girls; and tearing other boys’ waists; shying stones at dogs and cats and hitting the policeman on the beat because his aim is poor or his delivery is erratic; and so on, and so on. He is going to settled down from this evening on and be as sedate as can be—without however being a sissy.”

“What a revelation that will be to me and to all the people who know him!”

“My plans for Edward are to send him to the preparatory seminary in the fall. What do you think of it?”

“Glory be to God! And how did you ever pick on him for that honor? I never expected that he would be one of the Lord’s annointed!”

“You see, Mrs. Bangs, I am convinced that the wildest boys make the best priests. Edward isn’t exactly wild—he is unfortunate in all his bad breaks. Other boys can do things thousands of times worse than Edward and they are never caught; if they are they deny all they have done. Edward only needs to pick up a stone and throw it and he will surely hit the wrong person or the wrong thing; but he always takes his medicine like a man. And that is the sort we want in the priesthood: honest, reliable, sincere men. That is why I have picked him for the annual journey to St. Joseph’s. Have you any objections to his going?”

“Only this, that I do not think he will stay; and what will become of him then: a spoiled priest?”

“Never fear about that. I will take care of him, whether he goes



to the altar or returns home. He will not be a disgrace to his mother even if he is a "spoiled priest."

Be it here remarked, kind reader, that the term "spoiled priest" is one used by the Irish of some localities for one who has gone to the seminary and has returned home after having tried out his vocation and found that the priesthood is not the life for him. And the instinctive fear of our good mothers, Irish or otherwise, is always that such a boy never can or will amount to anything. The fear is a groundless one in the case of a boy not having a vocation or call from God. In other cases it is sometimes realized; but even here, not in all of them.

"If Your Reverence has confidence in Edward, I shall most assuredly never place an obstacle in his way. He has my blessing and my good wishes. My motherly pride in the family and the family's good name will even stand back of him through thick and thin. I am happy to be so honored."

Edward went to the preparatory college that fall. His bad luck pursued him in his first year—and many times the poor boy thought he would surely be sent home. Father James had, however, fixed his standing so that the President was for the boy when all others were against him.

The first year over, Edward spent his vacation at home. Most of his days were spent with Father James; almost as a member of the priest's household.

Edward went back. And he returned each year till the goal was reached. He became a priest; a good priest; one who did much for the poor of a certain big city; and finally earned a place in the council of his Bishop. Greater things were in store for him—at least they were offered him from time to time. He generously renounced them all in order to remain with the poor of the episcopal city—who loved and revered him.

Father James saw the boy through the first years of his priestly life and greatly rejoiced when "his" boy was taken into the council of the Bishop. The mother had every reason to be proud of her son. And the unlucky boy became one whose friendship was sought by all.

The call was sudden. The character was there. God's grace worked wonders in and through Edward Bangs.

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Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes it.



## Sword and Cross

### GENERAL LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

A recent press notice announced that steps are being taken for the introduction of the cause of the canonization of Louis Gaston de Sonis, a General in the French Army.

He was a man of our own age; he was a soldier, a profession with which one does not readily associate great sanctity; he lived in a day when religion was at its lowest ebb in France and the spirit of the Revolution reigned in the greater part of Europe.

Sanctity in such surroundings and with such a background compels our wonder.

How did he do it? What sort of a man was he?

Fortunately, Monsignor Baunard has left us a biography of this Christian soldier, derived chiefly from his own papers and correspondence, which give us a very good insight into the personality and life of General de Sonis.

"This life is more than a rare spectacle," writes Msgr. Baunard in his preface; "it is a great lesson. I hear on all sides that what is most wanted in these days are men of character. M. de Sonis was eminently a man of marked character; we have rarely seen one like him, even in better times than the present. The profound convictions which from the first to the last day of his career, were the light of his life, never saw him deviate one single step from the right line. He was straightforwardness itself.

"I always put the head of my ship towards God," he said one day; "whatever winds blow, favorable, or the contrary, I keep in that direction; for it is that port I wish to make."

"He has been called emphatically 'the man of duty.' This duty he practised at whatever cost, in the face of heaven, without even considering the sacrifices it might entail."

And nevertheless, despite these traits that seem so stern, he was a man of heart. His family life is marked by the most charming tenderness; his dealings with his soldiers by kindness; his care of the wounded (whether French or enemy) by tender solicitude. And he never lost sight of the souls of those who came in contact with him. But, out-

standing among his characteristics was his love of God, of our Blessed Mother and of the Church. His utterances are so fervent, yet so genuine and manly that we cannot help admiring and loving this man.

His life reads almost like a novel—it is so full of tragedies, of adventures, of hairbreath escapes, of heroism; again it reads like a song—it is so full of romance—the love of wife and children and the love of God.

#### CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

Louis Gaston de Sonis—known in his family as Gaston—was born at Point-a-Pitre, in the Island of Guadalupe in the Antilles, on August 25, 1825. His father was a soldier—a Lieutenant in the 13th Infantry stationed at Guadalupe. His mother was a Creole lady of great beauty, Marie Elizabeth de Bebian. Gaston was the third child of five.

Tragedy entered early into his life.

He was only seven years old when home was broken up. His father was recalled to France to take some military position there. His wife had to remain in Guadalupe to look after her grandfather, who was aged and ill, and who was expected to have only a short time to live. Captain de Sonis, with the three eldest children, of whom Gaston, then seven years old was one, set out for his new duties in France. This was in 1832.

But they were never to see their mother again. In 1835, her duty toward her father done, she proposed to rejoin her husband and other children. The good news was quickly changed to bad. En route, she took sick and died.

"Our sorrow," wrote the boy, "was positive despair."

The father rented an apartment where he lived with his children. It was the best he could do.

Gaston was meanwhile sent to the Stanislas, a military preparation college. Let him describe his own life at this Catholic School.

"I have the happiest recollections of my stay in this college. My masters were very kind and considerate towards me and I very soon became devoted to them. Our religious instruction was most carefully attended to, and my naturally pious disposition found all that it needed for its development: I was brokenhearted at that time at my mother's death, and I remember how, when I came into the dormitory at night, I used to throw myself on my knees and pass a long time in prayer for her.

My confessor, Abbé le Blanc, admitted me at once into a sodality

which had Abbé Buquet for its director, a very zealous and holy priest, who was afterwards Vicar-General of Paris. Under his care, I made rapid progress in piety, so that at ten years old, I was allowed to make my First Communion.

"I prepared myself for this great act with the tenderest devotion, and really hope that I brought my baptismal innocence to that altar.

"Ah, I have never lost the recollection of that delicious First Communion. The thought has been a consolation to me in my saddest hours. I have always thought that it was the blessing of my whole life."

#### THE BOY.

A school mate of his, Gaston de L'Hermite, thus describes the boy at this time.

"De Sonis was the most sympathetic of companions, towards whom one felt drawn at once and for life. There was nothing extraordinary about him, but a great sweetness and dignity, together with an admirable simplicity. The charm was in his character, which won all hearts. His piety was genuine and manly, yet modest and gentle.

"Physically, he was tall, well-grown, rather graceful than strong, with delicate features and limbs, and a singularly highbred and aristocratic bearing.

"He excelled in all our games, especially at the manège, where we learnt riding. The courage and calm with which he rode a difficult horse, and the way in which he conquered all difficulties, pointed out the future cavalry officer and the hero of many battles."

At the age of 17, he was sent to a naval school. He described it himself as "a hot-bed of vice." He became so disgusted with it that he begged to be allowed to leave it. He tried another preparatory school—but that was "as bad as the last," to use his own words. Still he determined to persevere, worked hard and passed his military examinations in 1844. He was now ready to matriculate into the military college of St. Cyr.

#### SORROW AGAIN.

But he had to experience a severe blow at this time. His father, who had been in poor health for some time, had been Gaston's daily companion. The boy afterwards wrote about it:

"I used to go out riding with him every day, and he confided to me all his plans and hopes for my future. Our interesting talks never

ended; and I could only daily more and more admire the real treasures of goodness and affection in the heart of my dearly beloved father."

These lessons remained with Gaston always. Later on, he could write to his own son, who was a soldier in Algeria;

"What you say, my dear Henry, confirms a doctrine which my father always impressed upon me, and which I have since personally followed,—namely, that one ought never to ask to go to the right rather than to the left, but only to march against the enemy."

What a striking commentary on the influence a father can wield over his boys if he makes himself their daily companion!

This good father, young Gaston was to lose most unexpectedly. He had gone to La Fleche to place Gaston's youngest brother in a school there. It was there, away from his children that he was stricken.

Gaston, though himself ill, hastened with his sisters to the bedside of their father. They found him motionless and speechless. In mute despair the children sat around the bed, holding his hand and looking at him in silence. The hotel where he was lodged was a noisy one and to make matters worse a fete was going on, and the noise of the merriment jarred sadly on the weeping children gathered around their dying father. At last, the doctor, approaching the bed, lifted the officer's hand, felt his pulse, felt his heart, lifted his eyelid, and then looked at the boy Gaston with eyes of deepest compassion.

"We understood but too well," he wrote: "our beloved Father was no more. The doctor left. We remained sobbing and kissing our father with tenderest love. My sisters knelt by the bedside, and I sat on the mattress by his head, holding his hand and trying to warm it in mine. Oh, God alone knows what I suffered that night!"

We can easily imagine the feelings of the five children, now orphans, as they knelt alone around their dead father. The oldest was nineteen. They were in a strange hotel. They had neither home, nor family, nor fortune.

All night they remained. Gaston later described the scene:

"Early in the morning the door opened gently; a priest entered, whom we did not know. Having prayed by the dead body, he turned to us and said: 'My children, I have just heard of your terrible sorrow. I am a minister of Jesus Christ, and I am come to share your grief and to bring you divine consolation.'"

"We were all silent, and he began talking to us in the tenderest and

most admirable way; every word told; there was not a word that did not go to our hearts. From the very first moment I felt consoled at hearing expressions which during the last two years had been strange to me. My old piety revived. Jesus had once more taken possession of my heart . . . my despair was over."

Gaston was too ill even to attend the funeral. A few days later he heard that he was admitted to the Military College at St. Cyr. His sisters set out for the Antilles to live with their mother's people. Theobald was at school at La Fleche. Thus in forty hours their happy home was destroyed and the children scattered far and wide. Two of the girls later returned to Paris to enter the Carmelite order; the third married.

#### THE MILITARY COLLEGE OF ST. CYR.

St. Cyr later became an admirable institution. It was not so in 1844 when Gaston de Sonis entered. Believing Catholics were rare; practising Catholics still rarer. It was necessary to receive the Sacraments in secret and the ten or twelve students who wished to do so, had to wait for their turn to go out to be able to find a priest who would hear their confessions. De Sonis felt this terribly. Each time that he went to Paris, his first act was to go to Confession and Communion.

But this did not prevent him from throwing himself heart and soul into his studies and military exercises at the College. His promotion was speedy and brilliant. He was appointed to the cavalry school at Saumur. There he distinguished himself likewise and left it with the reputation of being the best cavalry officer at the College.

One incident must be told of his stay at Saumur. It throws so much light on the young man's character and later career. It is an account, in his own words, of a visit he paid to the famous Benedictine abbey of Solesmes. It occurs in a letter written in 1875 to a friend who had joined the Benedictines.

"It is more than thirty years ago that I went from the training college at Saumur to Solesmes, with a friend who has also become one of your religious, Mr. Ezechiel Demarest. That day is one of the pleasantest recollections of my life. I was most kindly received by them all, and I remember towards evening a young monk, Dom Leduc saying to me:

"Why do you not remain with us for good?"

"I have often felt the echo of these words in my heart, and yet I felt convinced that I had not in me the stuff to make a good Benedictine.

God drove my bark into other waters, probably more in accordance with my nature, and I thank Him for it, although I have always preserved the highest idea of the monastic life, for which I have ever had a secret yearning."

Incidentally the account reveals much of the young man's seriousness, his choice of companions, his use of his free times.

It was here probably that the young De Sonis made the vow of fidelity to which he refers in a letter written from Africa, during one of his campaigns in 1869. He writes:

"I know that God has led me by the hand through many dangers; but before running such risks, I had promised my Divine Master that, with the help of His grace, I never would refuse Him anything. It does not become me to praise myself; but I feel that one cannot bargain with God."

#### HIS FIRST COMMISSION.

But Gaston's school days were soon brought to an end. In 1848 the February Revolution broke out at Paris and spread over the Provinces. The Calvary school was broken up; De Sonis was commissioned as Sub-lieutenant of the 5th Hussars to the town of Castres.

Here he got his first taste of military life; here he began his career, so Christian and so brave; here he met the girl he married only a year later.

Two incidents which occurred about this time serve to illustrate his sturdy and courageous faith and his staunch, straightforward character.

During his stay at Saumur he had joined the Freemasons, believing it to be a purely philanthropic and social organization. He had never heard of any ecclesiastical censures against it and had never set his foot in a Lodge.

One day his commanding officer asked him to take the duty of a fellow officer who wanted to attend a Masonic banquet.

"I wonder," replied De Sonis, "why they did not invite me too?"

"Why," replied the Colonel, "you're not one of them, are you?"

"Yes," said De Sonis. "Is there any harm in it?"

"Go and judge for yourself," answered the Colonel. De Sonis did. There were some mysterious and symbolic signs around the table that puzzled him. Then the speeches began. One man spoke of the end of superstition (meaning religion), of the religion of the future, of the emancipation of conscience and so on. Another attacked Catholicism,

its belief and its priests. De Sonis could stand it no longer. He rose and as all eyes turned toward him, he said:

"Gentlemen, I see I have fallen into a trap. They told me that you respected religion, and you insult it! You have not kept your promises. So I am freed from mine. You will never see me again; good night." He threw down his napkin and left the room.

While in the barracks at Castres, the moment of Louis Napoleon's "Coup d'etat" came and the army as well as the whole country were to vote on the question of the Presidency. The army was prepared to vote "Yes," believing that Louis Napoleon would bring about a re-establishment of order and authority. De Sonis was of a contrary opinion and declared that he would vote "No." It might mean the loss of a chance for promotion. His Colonel tried to make him see this. But De Sonis stood firm.

"Lieutenant," said the Colonel, "you are not made for these times."

De Sonis knew it. But he had chosen the line he thought right and nothing could move him from it.

He often said: "When one begins to try to love God, one finds one can never love him enough."

To an intimate friend he thus speaks of himself:

"I strive to work hard for God and heaven. God knows I do it very badly, but at any rate it is my sole wish and intention.

Such love of God became a spur to faithful work in his profession and so the cause of his advancement.

(To be Continued)

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### A SERVICE FLAG

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The Queen's Work notes a very pretty custom in the Visitation High School in Chicago which might well be copied by our Catholic schools everywhere. It is a blue (color of the Blessed Virgin) flag and when any of the students of the school enters the religious life, either as a priest or as a nun, a golden star is placed upon the flag. It is a spiritual service flag, like those we used during the war to recall the boys who wore the khaki.

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Want of care does us more harm than want of knowledge.

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What maintains one vice would bring up two children.—*Franklin.*



## Redemptorist Work In Chile

DONALD F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

In the northern part of the country of Chile, stretching from the populous district of the coast-line, over the dry, treeless, desert-like plains of the midland, and deep into the foothills and fastnesses of the Andes Mountains, the Redemptorist Fathers of Alsace-Lorraine have a Missionary Province. The work that is being done there presents a true picture of Apostolic evangelization; reports from the field tell of long, tedious journeys made by the missionaries; of the thousands of neglected souls calling to them for aid; and of the great difficulties that hinder and harass the Fathers in their work. Let us view the picture, not in its statistical completeness as to the amount, but rather in the character and method of the Fathers' endeavors in behalf of souls.

Were we to travel all over the globe, were we to visit every nook and corner of the world, and seek in the lowest and most degraded places, where civilization has barely touched and passed, perhaps we could nowhere find souls in so abandoned a condition as the Redemptorist Fathers found them at their acceptance of a parish in Iquique in the year 1909. It was in the slums of this capital city, and it comprised within its district about 15,000 souls. A motley mixture of nationalities went to make up this number; Chinese, Japanese, Mulattoes, Italians, Peruvians, Indians and others, whose misfortune was the most degraded poverty and abject misery, and whose curse was the most ignorant improvidence. Their dwelling places were tiny huts not more than six feet in height, roofed over with nothing but old rags; in them whole families lived their lives—penned up more tightly than animals in a stable. Their clothes were likewise nothing but tatters and rags, and, unlike the case of Mr. Micawber, circumstances over which they had control continually cut off all possibility of improvement in their condition; for every cent of money they ever earned was spent on drink, and the only thing ever considered worth working for was the opportunity of having a drunken spree.

The religious condition of this class of people can be imagined. No sooner had the Fathers arrived in Iquique and taken up their work, than the authorities saw the necessity of giving protection to them; wherefore six policemen were given to them as guards to the Church



and Convent. Two were to guard the convent every night, two to keep order in church during all services, and two to patrol the streets in the vicinity of the church and convent. Perhaps the best way to describe the attitude of the people will be to give an account of one of the first attempts of the Redemptorists to hold a service in the little chapel or hall. May devotions as we have them are held in Iquique in December, and the pastor arranged for services on the first day of that month. Several hundred people were at the church before the doors were opened; but the first ones to enter were about a hundred and fifty boys, black little imps (screaming too) knocking one another over, running up and down the aisles and raising in general a bedlam of noise and din. After this horde of mischief-makers came a tribe of loquacious women, some of them in advanced stages of intoxication, who without the slightest bashfulness arranged themselves in the front row of seats. Lastly came a few, very few, older, graver people, who made up the only quiet element in the church. When all were in the pastor began marching up and down the center aisle reciting or rather shouting the Rosary, in an attempt to bring some kind of order out of the chaos. But the babel of voices continued, and to make matters worse, the women in the front row began to grow troublesome, one getting up and trying to preach a sermon, and another singing at the top of her drunken voice a ribald song. Warnings and threats were without perceptible effect; so the priest called his guard and they forcibly assisted the intoxicated women from the church. Even after this, however, the general disturbance was so great that all thought of preaching was out of the question, when suddenly the resourceful pastor was struck with an idea. He knew that the people loved music, so he sat down at the little harmonium and began to play. In three minutes the place was quiet, and the father had the people in his control for the rest of the evening.

Thenceforth the people's love of music was made the chief means to attract and hold them in the church. They have remarkable ears for music, and the pastor was able to teach them two or three hymns every evening, and in this way he obtained so potent an influence over them that within three weeks he was able to appeal to their sense of pride to keep order about the church and so have his six guards dismissed. However, he had about ten of his huskiest and most trustworthy men appointed as guardians of the peace, and only two days later he had

occasion to make good use of their services. A group of aristocrats entered the church during one of the services, and placing themselves in the back row, began to comport themselves as though they were in a restaurant or theatre. The pastor asked them to be quiet but received for answer contemptuous laughter and increase of the disturbance. Whereupon he nodded to his ten huskies, who arose and without the slightest ceremony threw the aristocrats bodily out into the street. After that disturbances were remarkably less frequent.

Outside, the people treat the priest with the utmost respect. The pastor writes that he has never been insulted nor harassed in any way by even the meanest of his poor parishioners, even though he has often passed along the darkest alleys in the dead of night. One night however, a rabid socialist from some other part of the city seized him by the arm as he was passing through a dark street. He was a big, strong-looking fellow, but the priest jerked away from him and asked what he wanted. "I arrest you" replied the thug, "by the authority I have to do away with everyone of the hated blackgowns." Unafraid, the priest drew his revolver and made answer: "And I by the authority of self-defense, will fill you full of lead if you aren't out of my sight in ten seconds." The man vanished between the houses.

The work of awakening the people to religious responsibility is grilling in the extreme. The most that ever appear at Sunday Mass are about twenty adults and fifty children. To get these adults it was necessary to go around from hut to hut, to talk fish and fishing nets and fishing boats and more fish with the people, to smoke their asphyxiating cigarettes,—nay even to eat with them, though their meals are, as may be expected, most unappetizing. To refuse an invitation to a meal would wound them deeply. One father had an ingenious mode of working up to the topic of religion. After talking about fishing, and working with them on their nets for some time, he would gradually mention how some of the Apostles were fishermen—how they were all fishers of men,—what that meant how it affected these fishermen, etc., until he had gained them. But it was slow, slow work.

A work inseparable from modern parish work, viz, the founding of pious societies and sodalities, is not neglected in Iquique. This sort of work is greatly hampered in almost the whole of South America on account of the feudal condition of politics. Rival political powers have intense hatred for one another, and the party out of power will not go

near a church, much less enter a society that is patronized by its enemies. In spite of this universal difficulty the Fathers succeeded in forming a society called the "Supplica" whose members pledge themselves to spend a half or three-quarters of an hour in prayer at the Mother of Perpetual Help Shrine daily. Also a league of daily and weekly Communion was formed, whose total result for one year was 11,336 Holy Communions. A social society, "The Union Social of St. Gerard," is another work of the fathers, having over two hundred men and two hundred women in its two divisions.

Additional difficulty is added to the work of the Fathers in Iquique by the deplorable poverty of their convent. There are no Mass stipends, no collections, no Mission returns, and though the government made the fathers a yearly allowance of 5000 francs, the problem of making their own ends meet continued unsolved, and this prevented much good that would otherwise have been done for the people under their spiritual care.

From all this it can readily be gathered that parish work in Chile is as Redemptoristic a work, a work as dear to the heart of St. Alphonsus, the Missionary of the goatherds, as could be found the world over. And it is a work worthy of our heartiest support and most zealous prayers and offerings.

Now we come to speak about the Missionary labors of the Fathers stationed at Iquique. On account of the amount and intensity of the work and the fewness of the Fathers who began the parish in that city, extra Missionary work was out of the question until the arrival of reinforcements. These came in 1910 in the shape of three new Fathers. Immediately upon this accession to the community the Redemptorists were given charge of three outlying stations, where conditions were of a nature more discouraging than even those at Iquique. For Sunday Mass the travelling priest sometimes had a congregation of two women; and to bring the people round to a sense of their religious obligations the same grilling and laborious means had to be made use of as in the parent foundation. In one of these new places Missions were attempted at two distinct times, but both had to be called off for the simple reason that practically no one appeared.

The real Mission work of the Fathers is done on their Mission tours. And if the parish work of the Redemptorists in Chile is according to the heart of St. Alphonsus, the kind of Missionary journeys

they make must give the saintly founder no less pleasure and joy in heaven. We have received a short account of two of these trips, one among the towns of the saltpeter district, and the other among the Cordilleran foothills and mountains.

On the former trip, among the saltpeter mines, the first town the Missionary visited was a "metropolis" of 180 souls. After some days spent in travelling from hut to hut, instructing, preaching, etc., the total result of the labor was eight women's, six men's, and about a dozen children's Confessions. The next town the Apostles of the Gospel reached had never yet had a priest to take care of its spiritual needs, so that it was a real venture as to whether the work would be rewarded by any amount of success. The newly appointed parish priest accompanied the Missionary, and the first night, when the people were all gathered together in their miserable dance-hall, this man began calmly to address them in preparation for the Missionary. His words were met by shouts, jeers and insults. "Shut your d—— mouth, you Pope!" "We'll listen to you tomorrow!" "Get out of here!" etc., rang through the little hall. Suddenly the Missionary made a bold resolve. With his Crucifix on his breast, with fire in his eyes and determination in his manner, he leaped up on a table, and raising his hand he cried out in a loud voice: "Who are you?" Who are we? What are we here for?" The people were as if thunderstruck. Dumbfounded and scared they glared at the priest, but remained so quiet the rest of the evening that you could have heard a pin drop in the once noisy dance-hall. After that it was a complete victory for the Missionary. He preached each night to an interested audience of from 150 to 200 souls, and the fruits of the mission were about 50 men's, 30 women's, and many children's confessions—numbers unheard of in this part of the country.

On the second trip mentioned, among the Cordilleran, the Father set out with a single Indian guide, and travelling for a whole day through desert land, up and down dry river beds, over stony, rocky ground, they saw no drop of water, no single living thing,—bird, beast or insect—nor even a lowly blade of grass. Their destination was Libaya, a territory larger than the whole of Alsace Lorraine, containing about 1,500 inhabitants, split up into 20 or 30 towns of 50 to 60 inhabitants each. The work of evangelizing a people thus scattered can be better imagined than described. To make matters worse, the towns are almost all situated in inaccessible places,—on the sides of cliffs, in

deep ravines, etc.; and the food of the people is nauseating to the ordinary person. (They have no bread, but use for their staple some kind of dry meat that the Father found very distasteful.) Three whole weeks were spent in this district, and no village was left unvisited by the zealous Redemptorist. While in Libaya he met some Indians who had come down from the mountains to trade, and he arranged a meeting with them and as many of their tribe as they could get together at a specified time and place. With one of them for a guide he set out for the destined meeting place. Up—up—for a day and a half the odd looking pair of travellers climbed to a height of 5300 metres,—passing through the district of every kind of wild animal, and sleeping at night in the sight of a glowing, smoking crater, and within sound of some rushing, tumbling torrent. The guide slept peacefully and snored loud; but the Missionary, weighted down by the oppressiveness and loneliness of his surroundings, was unable to close his eyes. On the following day in the afternoon they reached their destination and found about 95 of the Indians awaiting their arrival. It had been fifteen years since a stranger had been in these parts, and some of the Indians had never yet seen a priest. After instructing them and administering the sacraments to all (to some for the first time in their lives) the Missionary asked two of the Indians to guide him higher up into the mountains, that he might reach and serve those parts of the tribe hidden away in scattered villages among the fastnesses. The Indians gladly accompanied him, but when he had ascended to a height of about 5,800 metres, he was forced to give up his zealous project because he could no longer stand the greatly rarified atmosphere. So he descended to the plains again, and wound his way back to the shelter of the convent after over a month's absence,—looking thin, gaunt, sun-burnt, dust-covered,—the image and picture of a real Missionary and Apostle.

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For young men to make sure of perseverance it is absolutely necessary that they should avoid wicked companions, and be familiar only with good ones.

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Experience is that certain something which everybody gets after it is too late to make use of it.

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If you would be wealthy think of saving as well as of getting.

## Saint Anthony of Padua and The Lost Faith

FROM THE PAPERS OF FATHER LAFFINEUR, C.Ss.R.

Mrs. S—— had for a long time been praying with tears, without however yielding to discouragement at any time. She was praying for the conversion of her husband, a retired officer of the Army, who had been distinguished for his courage and loyalty.

Raised by a pious mother, the life in the military camps had blotted out his early impressions of religion. He still retained his courage and loyalty, but doubt succeeded faith and then came that terrible indifference wherein a man is all the more to be pitied because he does not see his need of God.

Mrs. S. had been allowed full liberty for herself and her little daughter to follow the practices of religion. She prayed for him whom she loved as only a faithful wife can love, and she wept for the estrangement of this loved one in her fear of being separated from him in the next world. For a long time she had continued to offer her prayers to her who will always be the comfort as she is the refuge of suffering souls.

One day a new sorrow was inflicted on her heart when she learned that her husband was now a member of a secret society. This was no longer indifference, but downright, public and avowed disobedience to the Church. In thinking over this, the good wife pressed her child to her bosom as if to appeal to the innocence of the child against the danger that threatened the father. While doing this she happened to fix her eyes on a little statue of St. Anthony of Padua that was in her room. A sudden impulse seized her. "My child," said she to her daughter, "you must pray much to St. Anthony to obtain of him that your father find what he has lost."

"What has he lost, Mamma?"

"You will know it hereafter, my dear; but pray and do not say anything about it to papa."

The child raised her innocent eyes toward the statue as she uttered this simple prayer: "O great Saint, make my father find what he has lost!"

Just at this moment the door opened and Mr. S—— told his wife that he was about to go out. He had heard the conversation and had asked himself: "What have I lost?" No doubt it is my wife herself



who has mislaid something. I must tell her not to be uneasy, for if I had lost anything of value I should surely remember it."

As it was towards the beginning of June, Mr. S. came to the conclusion that the beautiful evenings would afford him more pleasure in the country than he could find in the lodge. "This is a good idea," he said to himself. "I will take my wife and child and we will make an excursion into the country. But what have I lost?"

Mrs. S. smiled a happy smile and raised her eyes gratefully to the statue of St. Anthony when her husband told her of his plan. She was silent and felt the blood tingle in her cheeks when he added: "Tell me, have I lost anything?"

"Why do you ask me that?"

"Because I heard our little girl praying for me to find what I had lost."

The conversation went no further on that occasion. But the embarrassment of the wife had not escaped the notice of the husband and the question would return to his mind again and again: "What have I lost?"

On another evening, some time afterward, Mrs. S. and her little child were in the room together again and the little one fervently repeated her simple prayer: "O great Saint, make my father find what he has lost!"

Mr. S. pushed open the door and came in excitedly, saying: "Tell me at last, in the name of common sense, what I have lost! These eight days I have been asking myself that question; I have been haunted by it. You make the child pray for it. But it would be much better to tell me what it is, so that I can know whether it is worth seeking."

Mrs. S. arose and looking at her husband seriously said: "My dear, would you be content to be separated from us forever?"

"What a question?"

And yet, my dear, if you do not find what you have lost you will one day have to leave us forever."

"What is it then? What is it that I have lost?"

"Faith. The Faith of your mother! You must find that faith again." And the good woman wept, whilst Mr. S., without a word, left the room.

"Faith!" he said to himself. "The faith of my mother! The faith of my wife and child!"

During the entire night, whilst Mrs. S. prayed harder than ever, she heard her husband walking in his room, now and then exclaiming to himself: "Faith! The Faith of my mother!"

Next day Mr. S. silently entered his wife's room, and, as if awaking to a sudden idea, he asked her: "Is this a feast-day?"

"Yes;" she answered, "the Feast of St. Anthony of Padua."

"Ah, the little Saint on the chimney-piece. St. Anthony, I thank you!"

And as Mrs. S. looked at him inquiringly he said, opening his arms to embrace her: "Yes, yes, wife: it is done. I have found what I have lost. We owe a candle to the Saint. Let us bring it to him at once!"

And shortly afterwards the Porter of the Franciscan Convent called one of the Fathers to the church to hear the confession of Mr. S. Mr. S. had found his faith again—and was happy.

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### AT THE BOTTOM OF PREJUDICE

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Mr. Joseph Clayton, F.R.H.S., the eminent sociologist, in a diagnosis of prejudice, says:

"Fear is probably at the root of this aversion from knowledge, as it is at the root of so many of our prejudices, political and social and economic alike. How else explain the fury of the persecution of the 16th century, and the struggle to extirpate the old Religion in the lands where the protestant Churches were established, save by the utterance of that ex-Catholic priest, John Knox: 'One Mass was more fearful to him than ten thousand armed enemies.' . . .

And for Knox, as for the rulers of the newly established Church of England, the only way to stop people going to Mass was to stop the saying of the Mass.

If today there is less fear among Protestants of attendance at Mass, there is still very great fear of instruction in the doctrine of the Mass. It is not the ignorance that is invincible, it is the prejudice,—the prejudice rooted in fear lest a study of the Church and its teaching will persuade to conversion, and that such conversion may result in much inconvenience in temporal matters."

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Affability and meekness are very powerful virtues in gaining souls to God.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*



## The Lifting of The Fog

E. H. JENNINGS, C.Ss.R.

Gradually he forced his stiff fingers open from their strained, convulsive clutch. For the nonce, at least, he subdued that queer, uncontrollable twitching and well-nigh resistless quivering at his lips. By an almost heroic act of his will he lifted his eyelids against the incomprehensible, intangible, but withal the mighty force that strove to keep them closed. He saw a weird, spherical haze of bright sheen before him—at the end of what appeared to be a long tunnel of inky blackness. Behind and surrounding this sphere of white brilliance appeared innumerable, darting, dancing eyes of yellow light that looked at him for a moment, and then leaped away in long, snake-like lines of fire. He was slowly coming back from that world of silence and murky blackness into which he had suddenly and unceremoniously been plunged.

When the first, faint flush of returning life appears on the cheek of a woman who has swooned, the question she invariably asks is "Where am I?" That is the first question that troubled the returning consciousness of James Bradley Forrest, detective and expert criminologist. The strange light so far away from him, those yellow, glowing, prancing demons, lurid against the black heavy wall of fog and night he watched intently, struggling for an answer to that question. At last, his vision cleared enough, and his heavy, sodden brain functioned enough to tell him that the globe of ghost-like whiteness was the glow of a street-lamp and that the restless darts of yellow fire were the luminous script of an electric sign. His stiff, outstretched fingers discovered for him that he was lying on a wet pavement. The two dark walls that hemmed him in were the blind walls of two buildings. He was in an alley.

Like a flash it came back to him. A raid. A fear that the thieves would outwit the chief's plans. A rash chance. Then for just a moment—in the faint, livid, spectral light that seeped into the darkness of the alley—the dark, leering features of the nemesis of his life—Bill Spencer. Then blackness.

He turned. Another thought came to his mind. In a moment it was answered. The chief knew. For there he was standing beside him

and looking at him with that detestable, all-knowing look. It couldn't be worse. Nothing could be worse than to realize that this pedant with his ostentatious display of police lore should have a chance to gloat over him. He knew this worthy scholar of the brick-and-mortar methods of an obsolete system too well to hope that this faux pas would be passed over in silence. He was right.

"I hope that the next time you will do what you're told."

Never had that booming voice of this huge animal grated on him more than it did right now. His answer was weak and illogical but the only one he could think of.

"Oh, go sit on a tack."

Strange enough as Forrest raised himself painfully from his hard resting place, there was no resentment against the man who had "given him the billy." It was this blustering, self-sufficient, and irrepressible—this uncouth being who called himself a detective that made him hot with anger. The blood boiled within him. There was that pain at the heart as of wrath that cannot release itself as he thought of all the abuse which this crude monstrosity of a man had been heaping upon him for the six miserable months during which he had been on the plain-clothes squad of the St. Louis Police Department. It was nothing more, nothing less than professional jealousy. Corbin was going to taunt and badger him off the force. Well, Corbin had started something he would never finish. If there was to be a fight, he, Forrest, would draw blood.

James Bradley Forrest, because of his high standing at the New York Police School, had been called to St. Louis to assist in the city-wide hunt of St. Louis's most dangerous criminal—Bill Spencer. So far the man hunt had been a total failure. In six months the master criminal had been hemmed in three times by a supposedly perfect trap, and as often he had slipped through the lines which the hounds of the law had drawn about him.

During all this time the leaders of the hunt had been the chief of the plainclothes squad and his walking-partner, Forrest. Corbin was frankly sceptical of the new and to him bookish methods of the younger man. He scoffed at these new studies of motives and habits of the criminal. The only method he recognized was the complete knowledge of facts gained from contact with the haunts and associations of the criminal. He was a man-about-town. In different guises and protected by a systematic list of various aliases he was allowed entrance into every

"boot-leg" establishment and gambling den in the city of St. Louis. There was bound to be friction between these men. Their characteristics were as diametrically opposed as their methods. Forrest had all the polish of the salon. Corbin had all the crudeness of speech and manners of the underworld.

"All right, you bozos, report at quarters. The raid was a flop."

The uniformed men, who had been waiting at the corners and in the doorways of the building where their prey was supposed to be snared, dispersed in pairs and disappeared in the fog that lay dripping over Grand Avenue.

"Forrest, you go down and see if Santinelli is still running his place. Be awake this time."

Another taunt. Forrest choked the hot words that rushed to his lips. He would wait. The time would come when he would "get even." He would get even. No doubt about that.

He wondered if this tactless, unamiable being could have any friends. Was there any love in that heart? It was possible. If there was someone who called this man friend—that would be the place to strike.

He stepped out on to the fog-soaked pavement. He dodged two taxis that came skidding over the glassy surface of the street, and crossed to await a south-bound car. The long narrow avenue with its weird medley of flickering lights and dark shadows playing upon its surface looked like some unseemly monster.

"Just like Corbin."

Huge, blustering busses forced their way aggressively through the dense traffic like bullies shouldering their way through a crowd.

"Just like Corbin."

Forrest boarded his car. Dark thoughts continued to course through his mind. He would turn that sneering grin into something else. The old man would lose his tyrannical way of doing things before long. Only to find the place—to find that friend—to find someone who had the inside track in that coarse heart.

James Bradley Forrest did not know that at that moment Corbin was telling of the raid at headquarters.

"What we need is men, not yellow babies and statues. Those hoosiers were flat on their feet. We need something else besides fence-posts with uniforms on. We need some real, wide-awake men. We need some guys what's got something on top of them besides a tub to carry

sawdust in. . . . If we had more men like Forrest, we could get some place. That boy may be plenty fresh, but he's got the goods; and if that bull at the corner of the alley would have followed up Forrest, we would have got our man; but he stood there like a man watching his mother-in-law stranded on a desert island."

James Bradley Forrest did not know that Corbin's written report read:

"Anent raid of ——— Building — Grand Avenue: Failed to gain objective. Cause—Lack of coordination of raiding forces with Detective Forrest. Recommended for promotion for distinguished service in action: James Bradley Forrest."

It was ten o'clock when Forrest got off a Manchester car two blocks away from his destination. Under cover of the fog that was now denser than ever he approached a low brick structure. He could not see four feet ahead of him. The feeble light from the obsolete gas-lamps that still stood in this quaint part of an old city was diffused in a mere pale haze. No one saw him from the building. That was certain.

Nevertheless, he took the caution of standing for a moment in the shadow of a telephone post; he looked up and down the street; peered for a moment through the thick fog toward the windows of the long, low, dirty building on the other side of the street. Then he studied the windows above him. There was darkness—save in one window.

He looked deliberately at the door just opposite him for a moment; noticed its list; mentally noted that he would have to lift it when opening it to avoid sound. There was a hollow in the stone doorstep. He would not step in the water that filled that hollow.

Again he looked up at the lit window.

Presently he stepped deliberately toward the door, stepped over the stone doorstep, and with his body close to the door, opened it not slowly, but deliberately and swiftly.

Cautiously he crept up the stairs, keeping to the middle. Reaching the second floor, he waited to accustom his vision to the darkness. He listened intently. There came the sound of faint moaning. He turned his gaze in the direction from which the sound came. He saw a faint, yellow glow beneath a door. Immediately he noted that that door would be the entrance to the room from whose window he had seen the light. Suddenly the low moaning turned into shrieks and yells. He crept carefully down the dark corridor to the door. He stopped, looked right and left, pushed the door open, and entered.

He saw there not what he was seeking—Santinelli's gambling den. He saw there a scene that he was not to forget for years. In the middle of a dilapidated and wretchedly dirty room was a bed, on which lay a woman with her glassy gaze fixed in a look of horror on the scarred and battered wall just opposite to her. She was attempting to raise herself to a sitting position. Though young in years her face was marked deep with lines that had been dug there by that power for evil which has wrecked the lives of so many—drink. She was yelling. She was shrieking. The sound of her voice seemed to Forrest to come from the very depths of hell. Yelling—yelling for pity to the evil phantoms of her own wild brain. Yelling—yelling her hate of the demons that tormented her. Yelling and shrieking—calling curses on herself; calling curses on him who first raised the fatal potion to her lips. Yelling, shrieking, cursing—cursing drink; cursing her own ill-spent life. One of God's temples in ruins. A lamp gone out. A life whose hopes were ashes.

Turn in horror and disgust from the scene, if you will, Mr. Forrest; but remember he who turns his back on the fallen and disfigured of his race; abandons them as vile; and does not trace or track with pitying eyes the precipice by which they fell from good—grasping in their fall some tufts and shreds of that lost soil, and clinging to them still, when bruised and dying in that gulf below, does wrong to heaven and to God.

Forrest overcame the sickly nausea that welled up within him long enough to look at the two other figures in the room. At the near side of the bed knelt a priest. At the other was a young girl who tried to soothe the dying woman with kind words and attempted to keep her from raising herself in bed.

Presently the dying woman ceased her yelling and shrieking and fell back in bed. What the priest did then Forrest did not understand. He only knew that he was forced to fall to his knees. He felt some strange presence within the room. He saw the look of calm and sweet peace that came over the dying woman's face for a moment, and then he realized that she was dead.

Forrest left the room.

In a moment the priest appeared in the corridor.

Forrest's comment was unintentionally curt.

"A Catholic, Father?"

"Yes, sir, a Catholic."

The detective hesitated a moment.

"There's a great deal of that down here, Father."

"Yes, a great deal—a great deal. In fact—too much."

"Excuse me, Father, but it seems to me that quite a few of them are Catholics."

The priest swallowed the anger that arose within him.

"Yes, the Catholic Church has seen fit to make her religion a religion of all. There is none to whom she denies a salvation that was purchased for all on Calvary. She never gives up the battles for souls—no matter how low they sink—no matter what criticism is heaped upon her head because she is unashamed to call such her children. They are as much a part of her as the greatest saint. Certainly as much as the wealthiest sinner that still calls himself a Catholic. . . . There is no blame, it seems, in keeping the rich sinner as Catholic; it is only when the outcast of society, our modern, smug society, is kept within her—it is only when such find in her a haven of refuge—their last hope—that those who see choose to sneer. If we approach such souls in a better-than-thou-spirit—in a spirit of uplift, we should escape blame, but we wouldn't be Christ-like. We prefer to be Christ-like."

Then the priest opened to Forrest's wondering eyes the riches of knowledge that come not to the learned, but to the simple—the wisdom of the child and the angel, of Bethlehem and Calvary. He showed the detective how that mighty empire of the Precious Blood permeates and leavens the whole world. He showed that it does its wonderful work entirely where its maxims and principles are fully acknowledged, and that where neat mortising and fitting in of the world's maxims with Christ's principles is practised, the work of Christ is not done well. He showed how that work, the work of Christ is done. He showed that it is done by persons who love, but prefer to keep that love unknown, and by persons unknown and unwilling to be known.

"In that room is a girl weeping at the bedside of her dead sister, who, though pure and innocent and with the soul of a saint, deems it not shocking to see her sister in shame. Nay, she knows naught of your principles of respectability. She sees only a soul that needs her. She is willing to help."

Forrest looked at his own life. He was ashamed.

"That girl is also a Catholic. But she claims to be no more a



Catholic than her friend. She has been protected and guided and preserved from the lure of tinkling glasses and the music of the dance-hall by another Catholic—a man whom you of the police department call a tyrant and “hard-boiled”—Jim Corbin. He kept that love unknown.”

Forrest looked at the priest in wonder. There was no doubt that this man was telling the truth.

Then the thought came to him that here he had found what he had yearned for—some one who was dear to Corbin.

Suddenly by that instinct that is a part of a detective he was aware that someone was coming up the stairs.

He stepped back into concealment in a door-way.

The girl whom he had seen beside the dying woman had come out and was speaking to the priest.

He watched intently. It might be Santinelli. A dark form appeared silhouetted against the wall at the end of the corridor. He whipped out his gun and flash-light. He turned the light full on the figure. It was not Santinelli. It was Spencer.

The girl stepped up to Spencer.

“What are you doing here, Bill?”

Spencer had thrown up his hands on a command from Forrest. Forrest went up to him.

“Well, I’ve got you now, Spencer.”

Spencer smiled.

“It doesn’t take four eyes to see that, Forrest. . . . Well, you can have me. But first, I have something to clear up with this girl. You can put your iron away, Forrest. I haven’t mine on me.”

Forrest searched the man. He had told the truth.

Spencer turned to the girl.

“Did you give that money to Santinelli?”

The girl hesitated a moment; looked down; and then faintly answered:

“I had to, Bill.”

Spencer said nothing for a moment. Then he faced the detective.

“Forrest, I knew you were here. I had a tip. I came here any way because I’ve got to get this girl’s money back from Santinelli, if it’s the last thing I do. He’s got dope on her father, and he’s been black-mailing her. I’ve got enough on him to get that money back from him and I’m goin’ to get it.”

"I can take care of that, Spencer."

"No use. You can't get any evidence. Besides, if you put him in the cooler his gang will get her old man."

Forrest saw the case clearly. He saw that the girl's happiness rested in his hands. Here was a chance to strike at Corbin. Why didn't he? Spencer was talking.

"I'll give you my word that I'll let you pinch me. You know as well as I do, Forrest, you couldn't get very far with me. My gang would get you before you got out of the building. Let me get this kid's money, and I'll let you make a pinch that will be your making on the force."

Forrest, though he could hardly understand why, nodded in assent.

Spencer went up to the wall. Just opposite the place where the detective stood, and by a deft movement removed a long narrow strip of the wall. There stood revealed a ladder. Swiftly the man climbed up and disappeared in the darkness.

The girl left.

In a few minutes Spencer descended the ladder, replaced the strip of wall, and faced the detective. It was Forrest who spoke first.

"Is Santinelli still running his place?"

"No, he's layin' low. He had a tip-off that you guys are on his trail."

Forrest did not answer. The two men stood facing each other in silence, Spencer seeking to read in the face of the detective the cause of his hesitation in arresting him, Forrest seeking to find order in the wild confusion of new thoughts that the events of the last two hours had plunged into his reeling brain. He was trying to find himself. He seemed to be looking at the wrong side of a tapestry, studying it to discover its design. There were thoughts of universal love—of a brotherhood for all—of willingness to help—of keeping that helpfulness unknown. These new phrases and words came back to him as some wild but bewitching medley of music—"Christlike"—"Bethlehem"—"Calvary"—"angels"—and Corbin was one of those "angels." He smiled.

"That girl needs you, Spencer,—to protect her dad."

"You said it, Forrest. She needs me. But I am willing to be as good as my word and go with you."

Forrest hesitated. "Helping"—"Work of Christ." Those words



kept ringing in his ears. He had a chance at Corbin, but somehow that no longer interested him.

"Spencer, I am testing out a new theory. I am testing it out on you. As long as you go straight, you are free to help that girl. The minute I catch you, neither you nor your gang will keep me from taking you. Get out of here by the back door."

When Forrest reached the street, he saw that the fog was lifting. In the light of the street lamp he saw Corbin waiting for him. Corbin was talking to the girl who had been at the death bed. He left her and came up to Forrest.

"Did you get him?"

"Santinelli is not running his place."

"I don't mean Santinelli. Spencer was in that house."

"I didn't take him."

For the first time Forrest saw that hard face lose its mask. For the first time he saw a smile play on those features.

"I know why you didn't, boy. The girl here has told me what you know."

Corbin put out his hand.

"Thank you for that, boy."

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### PLAGUING THOUGHTS

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Like many another unbeliever, Professor Huxley, with growing years felt more and more that here, everything is a rent, and that it is death alone which integrates.

In the life of Huxley, a letter to Mr. John Morley is quoted in which the great naturalist says:

"It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. . . .

"I wonder if you are plagued in this way?"

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Simple emotion will not suffice to elevate character or improve life. There must be power of self-denial, strength of will, persevering effort.

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God gives as much health, wealth and friends as is good for us; He afflicts us only when it is good for us.

# Catholic Anecdotes

## THE CARDINAL'S PRIDE

A long while ago, when Cardinal Cullen lived, there was a call for a priest to a sick-bed. The sick person was at a certain hotel, the proprietor of which was a non-Catholic. A stormy night, dark and wet it was. As soon as the messenger had delivered his message a priest started out with him for the sick-bed. Through mud and slush they made their way. At last they arrived at the hotel, the priest gave the sick man all the Sacraments of the dying. Thus far everything went off as usual.

The curious part began immediately after. The proprietor of the hotel, thinking to do a little private proselytizing, invited the priest to his own apartment. After serving some refreshments, which were most welcome on a night such as this, the non-Catholic evangelist set about his real task.

"To think of it, Father," said he addressing the priest, "of the pride and sloth of the Bishops and the Cardinals! Is it not monstrous! I warrant now that while the Cardinal has sent you out on this long and dismal tramp through the night with its mud and snow, he is sitting comfortably at home and toasting his toes, the while drinking a good warm punch."

"I think you wrong him."

"Why?"

"Because he is doing nothing of the kind."

"You don't tell me! But how do you know?"

"I know by the best of reasons. You have not asked my name."

"Your name! What then is it?"

"Cullen—Cardinal Cullen!"

In a moment the hotel-keeper was on his feet, and with hat in hand said: "Will your Eminence pardon me! I spoke in ignorance. Shall I order a carriage for your Eminence?"

"Oh no, I can go back as I came! I am used to such journeys."

The Cardinal departed. After a few days the hotel-keeper went to a priest for instructions, and was finally received into the Church.

This incident is absolutely true. (Catholic Mirror, 1883.)

# Pointed Paragraphs

## A THOUGHT FOR JUNE

If we would contemplate the most perfect and winning heart, we must turn to the Heart of Jesus. It is the ideal heart.

It is the heart of a Son: love for His heavenly Father filled that Heart. There is nothing more tender than the affection Jesus always expressed for His Father. We see it in all the descriptions of God which He gives us here and there in His preaching and His conversations with His disciples. That Father is ever described by Jesus as the kindest, the tenderest, the best of Fathers. We see it in the sense of the presence of the heavenly Father which is so apparent in our Lord, and His natural turning to Him at all times in prayer.

And this love was not mere sentimentality. It was active: "I do always the things that are pleasing to Him." It was strong and trusting: "Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from Me; yet not as I will, but as Thou wilt." It was unceasing; even with His dying breath, He said, with infinite tenderness: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

It is the Heart of a Child: with what affection, as if remembering her caresses, does He not turn, as he hangs on the Cross, to Mary, and provide for her: "Lady, behold thy son."

It is the Heart of a friend: To his disciples He said on the eve of His bitter Passion and Death: As the Father hath loved me (and we cannot help thinking of the scene at the Baptism, when the Father's voice was heard from heaven, saying: This is my well-beloved Son), so I also have loved you. Abide in my love." Indeed, it is hard to read with dry eyes the affecting discourse of the Saviour at the Last Supper.

And we all remember, because we have read it so often, the tender affection Our Lord showed for Lazarus, when "He wept" at his grave. Could there have been a more eloquent testimony of friendship?

The Heart of a Father: we do not know what Jesus said to the children who crowded round Him; these words alas, are not preserved for us. But this we do know: children understand instinctively when

they are near someone who loves them. They could not have gathered round Him and climbed up on His knees, if in His voice, His glance, His smile, His words, there were not manifested the deepest and most winning affection.

To this Heart we turn in particular during the month of June. Keep close to it. Keep in mind the words of Our Lord: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of Heart."

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### THE HARVEST

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The schools come to a close in June with a blaze of glory in the Commencement Exercises. From their portals step the young men and young women who are about to enter a life. A new world is spread out before them.

Fond parents reflect as they listen to the glowing Commencement Addresses, and wonder what will become of their boy or their girl. They look to them with hope and expectancy and dreams tinged with glory and fear.

Their school is interested in them: will they remember their deepest lessons, cherish their ideals, make their teachers proud to say: These are ours?

The Church looks to them,—or better,—Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, in the church or chapel where they knelt so often, looks to them. Ah, if we could see and read what is in His glance! He knows. Is there a look of disappointment? He has tried to take so intimate a part in their life at school; will these disappoint Him?

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### FORCES THAT COUNT

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In the March 5 issue of Liberty, George S. Viereck reports an interview he had with Marshal Foch. We quote some of the famous leader's replies.

"Has your religious faith," asked the reporter, "been a help to you both as a man and as a soldier?"

"My religious faith," the Marshall replied simply, "has been a constituent element in my character, and hence it has entered into the part I have played as a man and as a soldier."

The presence and the power of God are factors immediate and practical to Foch. He is what the English call a man of prayer.

On one occasion there took place among his officers, and in the room devoted to receptions, a discussion of the personages of importance who would participate in an impending battle.

"You have not mentioned God," commented Foch at last. "He too will be there."

Foch believes firmly in the miracles of the Bible. He prays daily.

"War," he remarks, "brings home to all of us the practical importance of religion. I believe firmly in a divine Providence. In the hands of that Providence I and all men are instruments."

Foch avows his belief that soldiers who know how to pray, know how to fight. He cites the American soldier, Stonewall Jackson, as an instance.

"Men are inspired to do their best," he says, "by those who have faith in them."

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### A BRAVE WORD

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Speaking at a church dinner in University Temple, Seattle, Dr. M. Lyle Spencer, president of the University of Washington, said:

My ambitions are that the purple cord which is on my pew shall stand through the weeks as a symbol for Christian leadership in the University, and that it may stand for character among faculty and students. The cord shall stand for a justifiable pride in the church," continued the University president. "I have hoped that the students would see that at least one member of the faculty was proud he is a member of a church."

The Northwest Progress of Seattle comments on these words:

"All education is based on some kind of philosophy, some definite views of the nature of man and his purpose in life, of the world about us, of the visible things of this life, and the invisible, intangible things beyond it, of life itself and its values. Too frequently materialism and atheism are the philosophic basis of education imparted in our state universities. It is impossible, unhappily, to give a Christian education in these schools, but certainly those who believe in God and His law, have a right to demand that professors be restrained from preaching atheism, irreligion, and immorality.

"Dr. Spencer's declaration of faith and respect for religion is most refreshing; we seldom hear its like from heads of our secular universities."

### SALESMANSHIP

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A well known authority on salesmanship, Hugh Chalmers, is quoted as saying:

"The prospect buys not so much because of what the salesman makes him believe, as because of what he sees that the salesman himself believes."

Making our Faith known, bringing it to the acceptance of those around us, is a sort of salesmanship, and for this above all, the observation holds.

We shall not be able to make our Religion acceptable to others unless we reveal by our sincerity, our life, our actions, that we are sincere in our beliefs.

That is why a bit of practical religion is worth many talks and reams of paper.

### THE NIGHT COMETH

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At the funeral Mass for the late William O'Brien, a noted Irish ex-member of Parliament, who died in London during March, it was revealed how he received Holy Communion on the morning of his sudden death.

The preacher stated that Mr. O'Brien came to London from Ireland to see a medical specialist. On the Friday he went to confession at Brompton Oratory. On Saturday morning, as he seemed weak, his wife suggested that they should wait till Sunday morning before going out to Communion.

"I think we had better go now," replied her husband; "many things may happen between now and Sunday."

His wife gave way, and they went. Mr. O'Brien felt faint afterwards, but recovered. In the evening, while he was reading, Mrs. O'Brien suggested that he should go to bed.

"The night is long," he said, pathetically, with a gesture that implied that he would like to read a little longer. With that, his head fell back, and his great career was ended.

### SIX MISTAKES OF LIFE

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"There are six mistakes of life that many of us make," said a famous writer, and then he gave the following list:

The delusion that individual advancement is made by crushing others down.

The tendency to worry about things that cannot be changed or corrected.

Insisting that a thing is impossible because we ourselves cannot accomplish it.

Refusing to set aside trivial preferences in order that important things may be accomplished.

Neglecting development and refinement of the mind by not acquiring the habit of reading.

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### MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

John Douglas Gordon, who writes the radio comments in the daily *New York World*, paid a golden compliment to the Catholic broadcasting station of the Paulist Fathers, WLWL. He wrote:

"I listened last week to WLWL, the station operated by the Paulist Fathers, and in contrast to some other religious stations, I was most agreeably surprised to find little to condemn and much to praise. Of the purely religious broadcast I shall say nothing, except that unlike most of its contemporaries, it seems to confine itself to a definition and exposition of the positive teachings of the church it represents—the Catholic.

"In that entire week," he continues, "I heard no word of condemnation or abuse of any other denomination. No one was accused of political intrigue, or immorality, or lack of patriotism, or of teaching evil."

If Mr. Gordon were to investigate our Catholic pulpit utterances he would meet with the same result. The Catholic Church has a very crowded program when she confines herself to her own dogmas and morality and liturgy, and has neither time nor inclination to wander afield.

In plain words, we mind our own business.

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Every evil in the bud is easily crushed; as it grows older, it becomes stronger.—*Cicero*.

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The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.



# Our Lady's Page

## Our Lady of Perpetual Help

### NOVENA REPORTS FOR 1927

#### XII. ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, WICHITA, KANS.

Date: Nov. 30-Dec. 8.

Two services daily: 8:00 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

Number of confessions, 653; number of Holy Communions, 1,415; number of petitions, 1,170; number of thanksgivings, 62; average daily attendance, 425 at evening and 150 children and 125 adults in the morning; total attendance, 3,825 at evening and 1,360 children and 1,125 adults in the morning; total attendance at both services, 6,300.

Conducted by Rev. A. J. Thommes.

#### XIII. HOLY REDEEMER CHURCH, PORTLAND, OREGON.

1st Novena: Feb. 19-27.

Four services: at 6:00, 7:00 and 8:15 A. M. and at 8:00 P. M.

Number of confessions, 796; number of Holy Communions, 2,150; number of petitions, 6,833; number of thanksgivings, 156; average daily attendance, 462; total attendance, 4,159.

Conducted by Rev. F. X. Kuhn.

2nd Novena: Nov. 30-Dec. 8.

Four services daily: 6:00, 7:00 and 8:00 A. M. and at 8:00 P. M.

Number of confessions, 800; number of Holy Communions, 2,360; number of petitions, 6,981; number of thanksgivings, 171; average daily attendance, 482; total attendance, 4,328.

Conducted by Rev. H. Catterlin.

N. B.—There was also a Triduum in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, conducted from June 16-19 by Rev. Alex. Dittrich. Confessions, 200; Holy Communions, 700; petitions, 1,056; thanksgivings, 47; average daily attendance, 161; total attendance, 484.

#### XIV. ST. ALPHONSUS' CHURCH, FRESNO, CALIF.

Date, May 7-15.

Two services, at 8:30 A. M. and 8:00 P. M.

Number of confessions, 1,850; number of Holy Communions, 2,500;

number of petitions, 9,207; number of thanksgivings, 1,068; average daily attendance, 350; total attendance, 3,200.

Conducted by Rev. Wm. Grangell.

XV. ST. THOMAS CHURCH, COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO.

Date of Triduum: Dec. 5, 6 and 7.

Three services, at 6:30 and 8:00 A. M. and at 7:30 P. M.

Number of confessions, 600; number of Holy Communions, 800; number of petitions, 75; number of thanksgivings, 18; average daily attendance, 165; total attendance, 500.

Conducted by Rev. H. Becker.

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### IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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"Sometime ago I promised publication and a Mass if a very special favor was granted. Thanks to Our Blessed Mother it has been obtained.

Enclosed offering for a Holy Mass in thanksgiving."—Chi.

"In spite of warnings, well-meant I am sure, my child was born without inconveniencing me in the least. I placed myself and the child under the special protection of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. I am sure Mary is responsible for both my health and the life of the child."—A Mother.

Thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for answering another one of our prayers. She is always helping us.—San Antonio, Texas.

We wish to thank Our Lady of Perpetual Help for the favor we received from taking part in the novena to her.—Milwaukee.

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### THE REASON

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Long ago in Athens there dwelt a man named Aristides, renowned for his justice. After governing the city for several years wisely and well, party feeling arose, and a movement was started for his banishment.

While the voting was going on, Aristides happened to meet a citizen, unknown to him, who was just depositing in the urn his vote favoring the banishment of Aristides. He accosted the voter.

"Do you know Aristides?"

"No," said the other.

"Why, then, are you voting to banish him?"

"I am tired," replied the voter, "of hearing him called the Just."

## Catholic Events

On the feast of St. Achilleus, his nameday (May 12), His Holiness, Pius XI issued an encyclical letter to all the faithful on the obligation we all have to make reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. His Holiness first reviews the persecutions the Church is suffering from various governments:

"From the extreme confines of the East to the furthestmost West," he says, "we hear the cries of peoples whose governments have risen up and conspired against God and his Church. We have seen in these nations, divine and human rights trodden under foot, churches destroyed, priests and sisters driven from their homes, imprisoned, starved and even put to torture . . . We have seen entire Christian peoples threatened, oppressed and in danger either of apostasy or death."

He then refers to the growing wordliness and laxity of morals even among Catholics, and exhorts all to make reparation to the Sacred Heart.

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Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, for fifty years an opera and concert prima donna, sang her farewell concert in Chicago on Palm Sunday. She might have sung it in the Auditorium for many thousands of dollars, but instead she chose to sing it in a musty old church in one of Chicago's poorest neighborhoods,—old St. James' at Twenty-ninth and Wabash Ave.—and for nothing.

God gave me my voice and many other things," she said, "that have made my life a happy one. How better could I close my professional career than by using my voice for His Church?"

As simply as that she dismissed the giving of her golden voice to raise money to rehabilitate the old church where she used to take her children to worship. But there was a lump in the throat of Father J. P. O'Donoghue, the pastor, when he thanked her and when he welcomed her in behalf of the audience as,—“a great artist, but, better than that,—one of the finest women in the world. A Christian mother of eight children, whose beautiful example, set by her daily life, is as thrilling as her golden voice.”

Madame Schumann-Heink is 67 years old and has six living children and eleven grandchildren.

"They are right," she said after she had finished her concert; "motherhood is the best role I have ever played. It is the best role any woman ever played. God and one's children are the only true things in life. I am going to spend the rest of my life with my children and my grandchildren, and perhaps some good priest like Father O'Donoghue here will let me sing for God once in a while."

At the funeral of Bishop Valdespino, one of the exiled Mexican Bishops who was buried in San Antonio, Archbishop Drossaerts said:

"Three weeks have hardly passed since the death of the illustrious Primate of the Church of Mexico, and here we are again assembled in this venerable cathedral to assist at the obsequies of another of the exiled bishops. The bloody, cruel tragedy staged by Calles in Mexico is thus once again, through the death of this latest victim of the religious persecution, brought vividly before the eyes of the American people.

"The saddest feature of the Mexican situation is doubtless the apathy of the civilized world. Mexico is bleeding from a thousand wounds, and no one seems to care. Mexico is being drowned in the tears and the blood of its best sons and daughters, and the nations of the world remain cold and unconcerned. The only one whose voice thrilled in solemn protest and condemnation was the white father of Christendom, Pope Pius the Eleventh. Liberty is being crucified at our very door, and the United States looks on with perfect indifference. Not a voice is raised in protest; yea, despotism seems to have become popular among us. Are we not sending constant "good will" parties to Mexico? Are we not courting the friendship and favor of the very men whose hands are dripping with the blood of their countless innocent victims?

" . . . And yet what a sad, what a monstrous picture rises before our eyes! We see the great American people, free, proud of their championship of true liberty, while in the deep, dark shades of the picture appears poor Mexico, wounded to death, groaning under the tyrant's heel, bound hand and foot; and,—we may as well face the facts,—bound with the shackles that we,—Oh, the shame of it!—have helped to forge. Did we not support the unspeakable Carranza? Did we not encourage the archbandit, Pancho Villa? Did we not lift into the presidential chair Alvaro Obregon? Are we not building for the friendship of Calles and sending him the airplanes with which he is bombing the heroic men who are dying for freedom and conscience in the State of Jalisco? In the final analysis we are largely responsible for the present Mexican tragedy.

"We do not want war with Mexico. To say that Mexican exiles would welcome American armed intervention is a lie, on a par with repeated assertions that priests in Mexico are fighting; that the church in Mexico has fabulous wealth,—while the two prelates who died here had to be buried on charity.

"No, we do not want war with Mexico. Yet would not decency, would not humanity, would not love of liberty demand a manly protest from the civilized nations of the world, and in the foremost place, on account of the Monroe Doctrine, from Washington, against the brutal, barbarous policy of a government trampling under foot all freedom?

"America has always sponsored the cause of the downtrodden. Whenever people have been denied the liberty so dear to the American heart, the voice of America has been heard in no uncertain tones. It was thus in Ireland, Rumania, Cuba, Armenia, Russia. How then explain that omnious silence of our state department, of our congress, of the press, of the pulpit, as though we were forgetting that this republic was

founded by men who held that resistance to tyranny is obedience to God.

Bishop Valdezpino could have spared himself suffering and banishment. He nobly preferred suffering and death rather than be false to his God, his duty, his conscience. It has been said that the noblest word in the English language is 'duty'. The one who lies on that bier died a martyr to duty."

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This eloquent funeral sermon of Archbishop Drossaerts drew from the Mexican Consul General in San Antonio a reply; but it is altogether inadequate and unsatisfactory. "The origin of all these difficulties," he said, "was a simple disposition of the government to the effect that every clergyman in the country inscribe himself in a register." But what about the other laws, so cruelly enforced, forbidding the practice of the Catholic religion? About this he says nothing; he admits all the killing that the government sponsored, and repeats false and often disproved accusations against the priests.

\* \* \*

Anne Nichols, author and producer of "Abie's Irish Rose," phenomenal theatrical success, has been received into the Church. Miss Nichols, it has become known, made her First Holy Communion April 15, at the Madison Avenue convent of the Sacred Heart, in New York. Her young son already had joined the Church some months before.

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Pope Pius XI has made a gift of 400,000 lire for famine relief in Shantung, China, where 10,000,000 Chinese are suffering from hunger, and where according to cablegrams, hundreds of thousands already are doomed to death.

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Miss Mary Doran Ronan, of New York City, a former student of Villa Maria Academy, was awarded a \$1,800 traveling scholarship, for attaining the highest marks among the women in the graduating class of the school of journalism of Columbia University, New York.

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A Catholic High School Library List, the first work of its kind ever produced, has just been published by the N.C.W.C. Bureau of Education. The list, designed for the guidance of Catholic high schools in the formation of libraries, catalogues 3,000 books, with annotations, marking off those that are immediately necessary, those that should be obtained at the first opportunity, and those that may be acquired at leisure. The cooperation, criticism and advice of some 40 nationally prominent Catholic educators were listed in the publication of the list.

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The following interesting figures are taken from the 1928 edition of the Official Catholic Directory: The total Catholic population of the United States is 19,689,049,—an increase of 205,753 over last year's figures. A total of 25,773 priests now serve the 18,283 churches throughout the United States. This is an increase of 783 priests, and an increase of 642 churches over last year. The number of parochial schools in the country is now 7,061,—66 more than last year; the number of pupils is 2,281,837,—an increase of 114,596.

# Some Good Books

*The Lamp of Destiny.* By Isabel C. Clarke. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, \$2.50

A shipwreck at sea and out of it comes a little orphan girl who is adopted by a childless English couple. They felt moved to do this as a thanksgiving for their own rescue. Who was this girl—en route from India her home, to England? What became of her?

Miss Clarke has woven this girl's fortunes into a new story. It is a story full of tragedy and heroism, of tender and violent passions, of hate and love. Irene, Uncle Oliver, Dimmy are characters that will long be remembered. You will be glad to have read this novel.—A. T. Z.

*Isaac Jogues, Missioner and Martyr.* By Martin Scott, S.J. Published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons. New York. Price, Cloth, \$2.00; Paper cover, 50 cents.

"Isaac Jogues," says the author in his Introduction, "was one of the world's most heroic figures."

Read the book and you will heartily agree with him. It has all the thrill of a tale of the Wild West—it has all the interest of history; it has all the elevation of a tale of heroism; but more than that, it reaches one's heart with all the poignancy of a glimpse of Calvary. The story of his martyrdom and that of his companions is almost too terrible, were it not for the glorious love of God which animated them.—A. T. Z.

*That Second Year (At Holy Cross).* By Irving T. McDonald. Published by Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.50.

It does not seem so long ago that we read "Hoi-Ah," the story of Andy Carroll's first year at Holy Cross, by the same author. We praised it and recommended it.

"That Second Year" is another splendid story that will appeal to everybody. It has all the color of college life, serious and gay. It will interest grown folks just as much and will serve to give them a glimpse of the inside of a real school.

*Godward. Or the Rugged Path of Joys and Sorrows.* By the Rev. Frederick A. Houck. Published by B. Herder. St. Louis. Price, \$2.00.

Life is today noisy and giddy. But there is hardly a person who does not at times draw back from the rush, wearied and tired, to meet his own heart and soul, with this everlasting question: "Is this all there is to it?" Father Houck's book will restore the balance and the peace the heart craves.

It is a book for your serious moments; it is a book for the time of retreat; it is a good book to put in the hands of a convert; it is a good book for the time of illness.

*St. Joseph's Month.* By Sister M. Emmanuel, O.S.B. Published by B. Herder. St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$2.00.

Originally the book was destined to be used during the month of March, which is dedicated to St. Joseph. And it serves that purpose splendidly.

But St. Joseph is a household Saint. He is always dear to all. And we can never be in better company—even during July and August—than when we are with him. And the reflections are so good that they will always appeal and always benefit the reader.

We are glad to call to the attention of our readers a number of little booklets that are very good and useful.

*Prayer.* Published by Good Booklets Co. of Los Angeles, Calif. After a short introduction on Prayer it gives a number of prayers which are very good.

*Devotion to the Holy Angels.* By the same Company. A series of prayers to the Holy Angels. Price, 10 cents.

*Correct Serving at the Altar.* By Rev. Gilbert F. Esser, C.P.P.S. Messenger Print, Carthage, Ohio. Price, 25 cents.

This is a very detailed instruction for altar boys, for all the more important services in which they must take part. It will be welcome we are sure to all who have charge of altar boys. The arrangement is very practical.



# Lucid Intervals

Willie, very seriously—"Papa, I had a strange dream this morning."

Papa—"Indeed! What was it?"

Willie—"I dreamed, papa, that I died and went to heaven; and when St. Peter met me at the gate, instead of showing me the way to the golden street, as I expected, he took me out into a large field, and in the middle of the field there was a ladder reaching up into the sky and out of sight. Then St. Peter told me that heaven was at the top, and that in order to get there I must take the big piece of chalk he gave me and slowly climb the ladder, writing on each rung some sin I had committed."

Papa (laying down his newspaper)—"And did you finally reach Heaven, my son?"

Willie—"No, papa, for just as I was trying to think of something to write on the second rung I looked up and saw you coming down."

Papa—"And what was I coming down for?"

Willie—"That's what I asked you, and you told me you were coming for more chalk."

Suitor—I seek your daughter's hand in marriage, sir. I love her devotedly and I would suffer deeply if I caused her a moment's sorrow.

Father—You're dead right, young fellow. You sure would suffer. I know that girl.

He was boring her to tears when in came her dog. "Ah," he exclaimed, "have you taught him any more tricks since I was here last?" "Yes," she said sweetly, "If you whistle he will bring your hat."

Wife (who caught her husband squandering a penny on a fortune-telling machine)—H'm! So you're to have a beautiful and charming wife, are you? Not while I'm alive, Horace—not while I'm alive.

Author's Wife (as husband suddenly slaps his brow)—Oh, Richard! An inspiration?

Author—No, my dear—a mosquito.

"I notice dat ol' man o' yoh's is workin' pretty stiddy now, Mrs. Brown; he's bringin' home de bacon."

"He sho' is. He knows dat if he don't keep me busy usin' de fryin' pan as a utensile, I'll be usin' it over his head."

"I'm offering a prize for the laziest man in college and I think you'll win."

"Aw right; roll me over and put it in my back pocket."

Fred had been permitted to visit a boy friend on the strict condition that he return not later than five o'clock. He arrived at seven to find his mother very angry. He insisted, however, that he had not loitered on the way home.

"Do you expect me to believe," demanded the mother, "that it took you two hours to walk a quarter of a mile?"

"Yes, mamma," blubbered the boy. "Charlie gave me a mud turtle — and I was afraid — to carry it — so I led it home."

"Two months ago he was the loveliest thing on earth, and now I loathe the sight of him." "Yes, aren't men changeable?"

Alfred—Do you know, old fellow, that I've always had a wonderful ear for music?

Ernest—Is that so!

Alfred—Yes. At the age of two I used to play on the linoleum.

Our Sally came out of the movies, At sight of her everyone fled; She thought in the dark she had powdered her nose, But she found she'd put rouge on instead.

Jack—So your father demurred at first because he didn't want to lose you?

Ethel—Yes, but I won his consent. I told him that he need not lose me; we would live with him, and so he would not only have me but a son-in-law to boot.

Jack—H'm! I don't like that expression "to boot."



## Redemptorist Scholarships

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A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by the students after they have become priests.

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Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.).....	\$ 522.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help of St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Calif.).....	1,258.50
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Kansas City, Mo.)...	2,008.00
Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis)	2,406.67

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Burse of St. Joseph, \$654.00; Burse of St. Francis Assisi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower, \$2,964.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$211.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Ann, \$652.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of Holy Family, \$20.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$2,010.44; Burse of St. Peter, \$237.25; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$4,500.00; Burse of St. Alphonsus, \$40.00; Burse of St. Anthony, \$400.00; Mr. F. Henze Burse, \$2,895.70; Burse of Ven. Bishop Neumann, \$1,925.52; Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Knoxville), \$1,200.00; Promoters' Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$1,261.01; Mary Gockel Burse, \$12.00; Father Nicholas Franzen Memorial Burse, \$59.63.

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## **Books**

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